



The Thirty-one Babies Abandoned in New York Since April 1.

ANOTHER baby was added yesterday to the long list of the disinherited. This one is a boy, aged two months, a chubby little fellow who seldom cries, and the nurses at Bellevue Hospital are in love with him. This is the thirty-first baby abandoned since April 1. He was found by a servant cooling and smiling in a wicker basket in the area of No. 612 Lexington avenue. The

basket was almost as new as the milk within, and the child's garments were of fine texture, the flannel undergarments being liberally hand embroidered. Tightly gripped in his right hand was a nursing bottle half full of milk, which he was reluctant to release to Policeman Kiely. Tiny comfortable and dainty slippers had been provided for the little one. But no one

claims it; no one knows whence it came. "Hard times have a great deal to do with the wholesale abandonment of babies," said the Sister in charge of St. Barnabas's Home, Mulberry street. "I know of many instances where parents have been forced through poverty to give away their little ones. Some of them are brought here, and some are taken to Police Headquarters and

then to Bellevue Hospital, and others go to the Day Nursery in Broome street." Matron Travers, at Police Headquarters, said the number of abandoned babies placed in her care since the beginning of the year was very large, but probably not unprecedented. She does not think they come from baby farms, though the East Side police are working on that theory.

## PLATT'S FRIEND BAKER WINS.

Routs Burleigh and His  
Forces in Washington  
County.

AN OLD POLITICAL FEUD.

The Two Men Have Been Bat-  
tling for Supremacy  
for Years.

Whitehall, N. Y., May 13.—Henry G. Burleigh, "the bounding one," to-day went down before Isaac V. Baker in the Republican County Convention, held here. The fight was ostensibly to obtain control of the Republican organization in the county, and also the nominations for Clerk of Assembly, Sheriff and County Clerk, but far weightier interests were at stake. Baker, backed by all the State patronage in his county, sent to the rear his old political enemy Burleigh, but Burleigh is irrepressible and promises to defeat Baker two years hence when a Congressman, a Senator and delegates to the Republican State Convention are to be chosen. Baker telegraphed the fact of his victory to Senator Platt, who will be glad of it, for Burleigh, who goes down, is Warner Miller's staunch ally and chief prop.

Governor Black is glad likewise. Burleigh has been bitterly denouncing Black's administration, condemning it as ruinous to the Republican party. Burleigh's views as to Black's policy were echoed at to-day's convention by his partisans and by Baker's too.

In the Northern county the citizens are weary of the high tax rate, the failure to investigate the Capitol frauds and other happenings in Governmental circles and also the Greater New York plan.

After Office. Interesting political happenings were revealed by to-day's happenings. Baker wants an office badly. Burleigh says Baker and his family have received a quarter of a million dollars in salaries from public office.

Wallace T. Foote is Congressman from this district, comprising the counties of Washington, Essex, Clinton, Franklin and Warren. Burleigh would like to succeed Foote in 1898. Baker also desires the nomination. Assemblyman Sears, of Franklin, will also be a candidate. But Warren County claims the nomination, and State Treasurer Corbin, of Warren, fondly hopes to be the nominee.

Corbin thinks he "bosses" his county, but former Senator L. W. Emerson is the real "boss." Emerson wants to go to Congress, and according to the best information here, he will be nominated if Warren County is given the nomination. Baker will join forces with General Stephen Moffitt and Congressman Foote against Burleigh, former Congressman Weaver and Frank S. Witherspoon. Moffitt and Foote have won control of their county organizations from Weaver and Witherspoon. Witherspoon is Senator Platt's personal and political enemy.

From then until to-day Burleigh was boss. Baker has grown thin and haggard fighting to recoup his losses. In to-day's convention he won by 21 votes, and nominated Charles Paris, a lawyer of Sandy Hill, to succeed Assemblyman Burleigh. Oddly enough, Paris was nominated for Assemblyman some years ago by Burleigh's influence, and was defeated at the polls by Baker's friends.

Emmett J. Gray, of Whitehall, was Burleigh's candidate for the Assembly nomination. He received 56 votes to Paris's 77. Burleigh and his cohorts joined in making the nomination unanimous. The convention was quiet and unexciting, and to fight was hopeless for him, and there were no broken heads such as marked the stormy convention at Argyle two years ago when Burleigh beat Baker.

Mr. Burleigh prophesies that two years will see remarkable shifts in the leadership of the State organization. He relies on a split, which he thinks is coming when the ambitions of Black and Aldridge clash. "The changes may be such that Senator Platt may join hands with me and my friends to defeat Black, Parn and Aldridge or either of them."

Paris is the first nominee this year for the Assembly.

## FIRE MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

Little Progress Made Toward the Discovery of the West Twenty-third Street Incendiarist.

Fire Marshal Mitchell was still investigating yesterday the mysterious fire which occurred at 5 p. m. on Tuesday afternoon in three rooms on the top floor of the three-story and basement brownstone dwelling at No. 168 West Twenty-third street. He regards this fire as of undoubted incendiary origin, and one of the strangest cases of his experience.

The fire burst out simultaneously in three rooms of the top floor, which at that hour were unoccupied.

In the front room the fire had been set under a lounge which stood against the radiator wall near the window; in the middle room, which has no window, the blaze had been kindled on the seat of a wicker rocking chair, upon which had been thrown a heap of matches, the whole being covered with an oil-soaked cloth.

The fireman, who arrived promptly, discovered these conditions in a very few moments. The question to be answered is,

Who set these three fires, and with what motive?

Only three persons were in the house at the time, and these say that they knew nothing of any fire until the arrival of the firemen. These persons were Dr. J. H. Kelley, who leases the house from the Wittmeyer estate, his housekeeper, Miss Katie Tomkins, and Mrs. Russell, the wife of a commercial traveler, who occupies the second floor front room.

The roof of a second floor extension, which extends for a width of at least fifteen feet, directly beneath the windows of the front door, not only of the Kelley house, but also of almost all the houses on the block, would have furnished easy access to an incendiary if he proceeded from that direction.

CHANGE FOR A DUEL.

Continued from First Page.

present who wore an unauthorized uniform at the coronation was your brother, Mr. John J. McCook, who did so when he appeared in the full uniform of a Colonel of the Sixth United States Cavalry, when the highest rank he is entitled to, by reason of his very brief service during the Civil War is that of a Brevet-Captain, as shown by the records of the War Department, and who, while in service connected with the United States army or the National Guard of any State, was there upon your staff by your own verbal appointment.

Gives McCook the Lie.

You also have stated that I wore badges and insignia belonging to my father, which you know is a lie, as you took occasion to both inspect and question me in regard to them, and then and there expressed yourself as satisfied that I was entitled to wear every one of them.

It is true I did not receive them by any record which I personally made by participating in the battles of the late war, such as Stone River and Perryville, but I have them by reason of being a member of the patriotic societies which commemorate the wars of our country, and because some member of my family made an honorable record in the defense of his country in every war this country has had since the foundation of the nation, and this is the first instance I have ever heard of where ridicule has been called down upon any one on account of his showing his loyalty and patriotism by one who has worn the uniform of the United States army, and if it comes to the time when I must feel ashamed of the fact that my ancestors gave up their lives for their country, then indeed are the insignia of our patriotic societies nothing but "baggage checks," and their usefulness at an end.

I remember that hanging at home is a coat that my father wore in the battle of Bull Run; it is faded, but down the front are dark red stains. Do you know what those stains are? I will tell you. They are the life-blood of Charles McCook, your brother, whom father aided, carrying from the field of battle dying in his arms. There is a grave out in Dakota, you know it as well as I. Ed McCook sleeps there. As a boy in 1861 he went to the front as an officer of the Thirty-first Illinois Volunteers, made so by the Colonel, who looked upon him as a son.

Obligations to General Logan.

I hardly need tell you that the name of that colonel was John A. Logan, or that they served together for four years, advancing together step by step. Nor is it necessary for me to tell you that General Grant appointed Ed McCook Secretary of the Territory of Dakota at the personal request of the same John A. Logan.

There was a lone woman in Washington twenty-five years ago in poverty and distress. My father assisted her continually. He also obtained an appointment for her son in the regular army. Her name was Mrs. Baldwin your sister.

In 1859, when your father came to Southern Illinois as the agent of the Mount Carbon Coal Company, he appealed to my father for assistance, which was freely and cheerfully given him, and he made his home in the house of my grandmother. From 1859 to the day of his death, John A. Logan befriended and assisted the McCooks, and their calls upon him for assistance were numerous. I think the "baking McCooks" must all have been killed, for they were brave men and loyal; and when I find two members of that family insulting the white-haired widow and circulating malicious lies and making cowardly, underhanded newspaper attacks upon the son of the man who befriended them time without number, I know these two members of the McCook family to be those, one of whom was relieved of his command in the face of the enemy for disobedience of orders, and the other resigned and went home upon the eve of a campaign.

As long as you and your brother have seen fit to try to hold me up to ridicule by malicious lies, you can either give an equal publicity to a denial and retraction of the story, placing me in a proper light before the American people, or I shall hold you

personally responsible and take such action as I see fit. Respectfully,

JOHN A. LOGAN, JR.

Why It Was Written.

This letter from John A. Logan, Jr., to General McCook came about as follows: It was some eight weeks ago when John A. Logan, Jr., was an aspirant for the Austrian mission. He had been promised it by McKinley; his indorsements were dating, but widely the best of all whose names occurred in connection with the place; he would have filled the post with generous credit to himself and the country; there was no reason why he should not be selected. And to tell it as it was, everybody in Washington who has a right to an opinion thought John A. Logan, Jr., would be named for Vienna. It is sure that at one time McKinley intended it.

But a story made its appearance. It ran through army and political circles and about the White House like a garter snake in the grass. Briefly it presented Mr. Logan as one over-presumptuous; told that at Moscow on the occasion of the coronation of the Czar he was in obtrusive and over-abundant evidence, and that he was without right garbed in the uniform of a cavalry colonel of the United States regular army. The story was that all these illegal feathers were presented by General McCook, who forced Mr. Logan to take off the uniform and certain medals on threat of having him arrested and expelled from Moscow if he refused. This story was told to McKinley, and is credited in keen corners of the party with having much to do with the President's final determination to decline the name of John A. Logan, Jr., for Austria.

It was in the Journal in the latter days of April that I gave publication to this story. My authority seemed good, even perfect. I've since found out that the story was a fabrication. Mr. Logan was also busy, and is now sure that it had its first emanation from the McCooks.

From sources without interest, I'm told that the trouble arose from the jealousy of the McCooks. Young Logan, alert, athletic, in his uniform of captain of the Ohio National Guard, every inch the natural soldier, gained more of notice, and with his mother, Mrs. John A. Logan, received more of Russian titled attention than fell to the McCooks. That is the solution as given me by worthy hands.

Mr. Logan's Statement.

To-night I called on Mrs. John A. Logan. I found her beautiful in her white hair and gentle, sweet dignity.

"It is not what I would prefer to discuss," said Mrs. Logan, "but how can one help it? My son has been badly used by the McCooks; a family from whom everything is due to us. The production of the McCooks has been vastly the work of my husband, General Logan, in years past. My son advertises to this in his letter. The allusion to the two battles referred to in my son's letter, Perryville and the other one, will be appreciated by General McCook, who fell into more trouble than graceful glory on those occasions."

"Months before the coronation—months before the McCooks knew of their going—I had, through the kindness of Mr. Breckenridge, our Minister at St. Petersburg, made full arrangements for my party of six to be present at Moscow and witness the coronation. My son was of my party. No relations with the McCook party; no official status, near or remote."

"General McCook's first act when he arrived was to claim precedence over Minister Breckenridge. General McCook asserted himself as the special and personal envoy of President Cleveland. Minister McCook refused this McCook snub. The affair was referred to Secretary Olney, and he sat down on General McCook and told him his place. McCook then claimed precedence over Admiral Sevidge, and succeeded somehow in maintaining it. My brother, John J. McCook, who was at Moscow with his daughter, he appointed on his personal staff. It was John J. McCook who appeared in a uniform to which he had no right, not my son. John J. McCook attended the ceremonies in a full uniform of a colonel of the cavalry of the United States Army. I saw the eagles on his shoulder, the mark of that rank."

Costumes to Be Worn.

"The programmes and instructions furnished us prescribed strictly what costumes were to be worn, even to the length of a lady's train. Men must appear in court dress as my son describes in his letter, or if they were military, then their uniform. My son objected to the court dress. He consulted Mr. Breckenridge and said he preferred to wear the uniform as a Captain on Governor Bushnell's staff."

"Do you see any objection?" my son

asked Mr. Breckenridge.

"Certainly not, Jack," was the reply, "but as General McCook is in charge of the

military end, suppose you speak to him."

"There was no official or legal reason why my son should speak to General McCook. But he did, and General McCook said he saw no reason why my son shouldn't appear in his uniform. This was at Mr. Breckenridge's house."

"On the occasion of the coronation my party were given excellent seats; the McCook party were off rather to one side. I fear they did not like this, but they should have reflected that I did not choose either their seats or mine. After I was seated my son came down. He was a splendid figure; the handsomest man about, and by odds the most soldierly. John J. McCook, who had not had, probably, a uniform on since just before Chancellorsville, could not be called a proud or striking personality. And I fear that possibly this irritated the McCooks. Creighton Webb, too, was there, busy with everybody's affairs but his own. It is quite likely that Creighton Webb said something to soften the McCooks."

"After my son came over to where I was seated and had gone away again, Mrs. Potter-Palmer came over."

"Mrs. Logan" said she, "it is outrageous the way the McCooks are talking about your son. They say he has no business with a uniform, and that they will have him arrested if he does not take it off."

"I told Mrs. Palmer not to take alarm. No Logan ever needed a McCook to tell him when to put on a uniform or to take it off. Then I paid attention to the ceremonies, and thought no more of it at that time."

"Sunday night the Prince Radlin, the German Ambassador, gave a dinner to the Duke Vladimir. I was invited, with my son. General and Mrs. McCook were invited because of his official status. John J. McCook was not invited, and Mr. and Mrs. Breckenridge did not come, as they never accept invitations for Sunday. General and Mrs. McCook and my son were the only Americans there. My seat was fourth from the Prince, a much better place than the McCooks. I am inclined to think they noticed it. The Duchess Vladimir also distinguished me by her kindness."

"On the occasion of this dinner of Prince Radlin to Duke Vladimir, my son wore the ordinary evening dress, as was proper in his case. His status was that of a civilian. But General McCook also wore evening dress, when he should have worn his uniform. The dinner was in honor of a soldier, Duke Vladimir, and General McCook, a soldier, should have shown him that respect due to his profession and worn a uniform."

"You make a mistake, General," I said to General McCook at the time. "You make a mistake. Duke Vladimir might wear the uniform as a great discourtesy to appear otherwise than in your uniform."

"Oh, I don't know," replied General McCook; "I don't like a uniform."

"Lectured" Mr. Logan.

"The day following the coronation my son got a peremptory note from General McCook, asking him to see him at once. The note was an insult; General McCook had no more to do with my son than he has with this moment. When shown the note I said:

"Go and see what he wants, Jack. He's no business to write it, but go and see what he wants."

"The two McCooks, and I take it, Creighton Webb, undertook to deliver lectures to my son on the impropriety of his appearing in any uniform. They even went so far as to question how I got my tickets to the coronation exercises and the Palace dinner; insinuated that my invitations to Prince Radlin's dinner were arrived at in some surreptitious way. My son stopped them all very short, and I fear said many harsh, vigorous things to all of them; things they tingle with yet."

"When I learned of the McCook instructions touching my coronation tickets and my appearance at Prince Radlin's dinner, I called on General McCook and his brother, and before I got through talking they were heartily ashamed of their conduct. I told them, what was true, that the kindness and attention shown were natural enough. The twenty-six years of public service of General Logan, sixteen of them in the Senate and the floor of the United States of this country, had done for itself. These are peace times; there is no stern war to try men out and show the bravest and the best."

It is known that, since President McKinley refused to name John A. Logan, Jr., to Vienna, he has tendered him the Consulship at Cologne or Lyons. Neither of these posts will Mr. Logan accept.

Stanford's Requests to Saratogans.

Saratoga, N. Y., May 13.—Attorney Wilson, of San Francisco, representing Mrs. Stanford, in matters relating to the Leland Stanford estate, has consulted the Saratoga breeders under the will with a view to immediate settlement. Breeds of about 600,000 were left to Mrs. George P. Lawton, Mrs. Walter H. Hanson and the late Mrs. Christine M. L. Cunningham, Ariel, of Albany, is guardian of the Cunningham children.

The general tendency of the times is "how cheap" can an article be manufactured, while the motto of the Amherst-Busch Brewing Association is "not how cheap, but how good."—Advt.

These facts are related by consular agents

under the seal of confidence to the State Department and in the face of certain death if their names were exposed to the Spanish officials. Under such conditions it would be worse than folly for the State Department to make public these communications.

To See the President Again.

All these matters were carefully considered by the committee, and the conclusion was finally reached that Senator Morgan should ask that his resolution go over until Monday next without prejudice. Meanwhile the committee will again see the President and urge that speedy action be taken looking to an indorsement of the pending resolution, granting belligerent rights to the insurgents. Members of the committee said this evening that unless there should be some positive assurances from the President that something of this sort would be done within the next few days, the resolution of Senator Morgan in some shape, possibly more drastic, would be reported back from that committee Monday with a recommendation that it be passed.

If the facts laid before the committee to-day were made public there would be such a clamor in the United States that it would be well nigh impossible to prevent an outbreak that would lead to a rupture of relations with Spain. If, indeed, it did not lead to far more serious consequences. For this reason the utmost pains have been taken to prevent any of the details from reaching the press. Of one thing the country has been assured, and that is that no dispatch that has appeared from Havana detailing the conditions on that island has been exaggerated. Consul-General Lee corroborates everything that has been published, and states that the half has not been told.

White House Conferences.

This afternoon there were several conferences at the White House upon the Cuban question. Prominent among the callers were Secretary Long, of the Navy, and Assistant Secretary of State Day, who is giving the Cuban question his personal attention. It was said that Secretary Long discussed the matter of ships of war and the possibility of concentrating them in Cuban waters, if need be, but the Secretary neither denied nor affirmed the report. Secretary Day declined to discuss Cuban affairs, but is known to have talked almost an hour with the President on the subject, and the probable action of the committee on Monday.

Secretary Long acted as escort to Mr. E. P. Atkins, of Boston, one of the leading American sugar planters in Cuba, and of intense pro-Spanish views. Mr. Atkins has always been an extremist and has not hesitated in the past to denounce the insurgents in unmeasured terms. He is credited with having exercised great influence with Secretary Olney during the last Administration in opposition to the insurgent cause.

De Lome Is Worried Now.

Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish Minister, is greatly agitated by the bold policy which is about to be forced upon the Administration, and he is busy calling his Government at Madrid, quarrelling with Captain-General Weyler, and seeking interviews with the Secretary of State. President McKinley has given De Lome to understand that none of his suggestions will apply to the present condition in Cuba.

When De Lome heard that the President had been urged to ask Congress for an appropriation with which to buy food and clothing for the suffering Americans in Cuba, he rushed to the State Department and asked for a modification of the policy. He suggested that the Red Cross Society was the proper channel through which this help should be given.

Snub for Spain's Minister.

Assistant Secretary of State Day at once visited the White House. The President had just discussed the situation with the Senate committee, and directed Day to dismiss De Lome with a statement that he did not propose to call upon the Red Cross Society, and that he would follow his own method in distributing relief supplies to the American sufferers. There was nothing left for De Lome to do but withdraw in a pout and wro Mad that the time for foolishness had ceased.

How the President will send supplies to Cuba is simply a matter of conjecture. It is believed that he will send a war ship, and, if he does, Spain will be ready to recognize this as an intervention, and a rupture between the two nations is almost certain to follow.

A Message on Monday?

The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate would have accepted war at any price, when the subcommittee made report of what it had learned at the White House and the State Department on the present situation. There was but one cool head in the committee room, and that was Morgan's. He was familiar with all of the outrages, and was not surprised by the official reports, though they are vastly more sensational than any newspaper accounts yet published.

It is now believed that a message, reciting the suffering from starvation and exposure of Americans in Cuba, and asking an appropriation for their relief, will be sent to Monday. Not only will such a resolution be adopted, but it will be broad enough to include suffering natives of the island who have been deprived of food, clothing and shelter by the Spanish soldiers. This will so oppose the policy of Weyler that Spain will have to back down completely or stand a fight.

It was President McKinley's original desire to hold Cuba in the background until the tariff bill was out of the way, although he has kept himself well posted on the situation. When the Senate subcommittee, consisting of Davis, Foraker and Morgan, called upon him, demanding to see the official correspondence, he announced his willingness to write with them on a vigorous policy. He said that the sufferers must be relieved.

WEDDING FOLLOWS  
BICYCLE RESCUE.

This Pretty Romance the Outcome of a Cycle Path Incident.

HERO IS THE BRIDEGROOM.

Risked His Life to Stop a Runaway Horse, But Is Richly Rewarded for It.

A wedding which is to be solemnized in Newark, N. J., to-morrow evening, will record the last happy chapter in a pretty romance which had for its beginning a thrilling incident on the Coney Island Cycle Path.

On a sunny Saturday afternoon in October last two pretty young women were driving along the Cycle Path in a sidecar cart, to which was attached a spirited horse. One of them, she who held the reins, was evidently an expert horsewoman, but the animal was in quite a nervous mood and very restless. Coney Island was reached without incident, but when the horse's head was turned homeward he became unmanageable, and, before twenty-five yards had been covered, shied violently to one side and dashed away at full speed.

Just then a young man, of fine physique and handsome face, mounted on a high-gated racing wheel, caught sight of the runaway. Without a moment's hesitancy he gave chase and ran an exciting race with the now thoroughly frightened horse. Little by little he gained on the animal. The two young women retained their self-possession to a remarkable degree. They saw the athletic figure doing his best to overtake them and she who held the reins saw them with splendid courage.

After a run of half a mile the horse began to lag and the bicyclist dashed alongside the cart. He promptly seized the bridle reins and clung to it. He was dragged off his wheel and severely bruised, the wheel was smashed, but the horse was stopped and the young ladies saved from injury.

The gallant wheelman was James Cotter, a well known athlete and a member of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, in Williamsburg. She who held the reins and was driving the frightened horse was Miss Alice Byrnes, of Warren street, Newark, a popular and pretty young lady.

Naturally a close friendship grew out of the cycle path incident, and Mr. Cotter's visits to Newark were frequent. His friends and his fellow club members had forgotten the accident, but he was very agreeably surprised recently to receive invitations to his wedding. Their interest was increased when they learned that Miss Byrnes was one of the young women who had been saved from serious accident by their companion's bravery.

Secretary Turner, speaking for the athletic club, said last night that a large delegation of members expected to attend the wedding to-morrow evening in Newark.

Fast on New London's Ledger.

New London, Conn., May 13.—The big three-masted vessel, the S. B. Hubbard, loaded with lumber, is fast on the ledge in this harbor. The sea is very rough, and her position is therefore somewhat serious.

Scene of a Fire Mystery.

Bird's-eye view of the upper floor in Dr. Kelly's house, showing the locations of the three fires. A—The fire was burning in a lounge. B—The fire in the room off the hall. C—The fire was located in a folding bed, the interior of which was burned. D—Tin roof of attic which extends through the block.

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"Certainly not, Jack," was the reply, "but as General McCook is in charge of the

basket was almost as new as the milk within, and the child's garments were of fine texture, the flannel undergarments being liberally hand embroidered. Tightly gripped in his right hand was a nursing bottle half full of milk, which he was reluctant to release to Policeman Kiely. Tiny comfortable and dainty slippers had been provided for the little one. But no one

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